

## THE INDEPENDENT

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HELENA, MONT., DEC. 28, 1889.

## A REPUBLICAN SCHEME.

Supplemental to the plan of unseating enough democrats, who have been elected to the national house of representatives to insure the republicans a majority sufficient to warrant the introduction of partisan legislation, there is on the part of the republicans in congress and in the executive offices at Washington a well defined scheme to recruit the party majority in the senate up to a safe point. Even with the six new senators from the Dakotas and Washington, offset by the two democratic members to be sent by Montana, the republicans have a majority in the senate of only six, which, should there be as marked a revolution in the next two years as was shown in the elections this year, may be overcome and possibly reversed.

To guard against this possible contingency it is in contemplation to procure the admission of two more of the territories Idaho and Wyoming that are deemed safely republican.

It is fresh in the recollection of all that the republicans in the last congress took a stand firmly against the admission of New Mexico along with Dakota, Montana and Washington, and that the only alternative presented to those who were in favor of making states of those three territories was the abandonment of New Mexico to a continuance in her condition of vassalage. No mention is made of New Mexico by those who are most actively urging the claims of Idaho and Wyoming to statehood, although at the election of 1888 the vote of New Mexico (30,912) was more than double that of Idaho and 12,000 greater than that of Wyoming. Estimating the population of the three territories upon the usual basis of four for each vote cast, New Mexico would have 123,485, Wyoming 72,032, and Idaho 58,223. If population and material resources are to be tests of fitness for statehood, there can be no question as to where New Mexico should be. The fact that a majority of its voters are democrats should not be permitted to enter at all into the question, although it is evidently the intention of the republicans to apply that test.

It is, indeed, a question if, the basis of representation in congress being 100,000, and it will either have to be increased after the next census or the membership of the house will become so great as to make body unwieldy, it is proper to admit new states with a population below that standard, and that would exclude both Wyoming and Idaho. If no standard is to be observed—if Idaho, with only 58,223 population, is to be made a state—why not also admit Arizona with an estimated population of 45,522? This would wipe out the last of the territorial governments, except that of Utah, which is left out of consideration until such time as it shall individually appear that the blot of polygamy has been obliterated; and it would also be doing equal justice between the parties so far as representation in the senate of the United States is concerned.

If we are to have any more new states, New Mexico, at least, should be one of the first to be admitted, as it is in population and wealth far in advance of any other of the territories.

## THE TAX ON THE FARMER.

President Harrison's proposal that the farmer should have equal protection with the manufacturer has provoked wide discussion in the press with the result that the argument is all on one side. Nobly has yet made it clear how this desirable condition can be brought about. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says:

"When the president said the product of our farms was as the products of our workshops should be protected, he did not dare to specify a single product of the American farm that ever has been or can be increased in price by a tariff duty. Cotton, grain, provisions, tobacco—all the surplus products of our agriculture—are free from any foreign competition in our home market and are exported and sold in free trade markets in competition with the "pauper labor" products of the old world. The tariff on wool, of which we never have raised enough for home consumption, has always operated against the farmer by preventing the profitable manufacture of his wool in combination with finer imported wools. It has not only lowered the price of his wool-clip but compelled him to pay twice as much for shoddy fabrics as the farmers of any other country pay for genuine woolens. Every tariff duty laid for the alleged protection of the farmer is a fraud, a pester dollar offered him as a pretended compensation for the heavy taxes which the tariff makes him pay on his sugar, his clothes, his farming utensils, everything he buys, and all the materials used in the transportation of his products to home or foreign markets."

A supplemental message from the president explaining his previous message is in order. The old theory of the protectionists has been that the farmer is indirectly benefitted by being over-taxed for the protection of the manufacturers, but Mr. Harrison evidently doubts the soundness of that view of it because he urges some other form of protection for the agriculturist. Is that because the farmer has found that the old theory of a "better home market" is a humbug? It looks like it.

The New York Tribune says that Lieut.-Gov. Rickards' ruling that seven is a majority of sixteen was right. As the same journal aided and approved

the grand larceny of the presidency for Hayes, Mr. Rickards may consider himself a statesman and a patriot.

The Old Warhorse's straw suit to compel Auditor Kenney to pay rump Roberts for time spent in trying to hold on to another man's office is to be decided on today. Having called Roberts together by proclamation it seems queer at first thought that the auditor should decline to pay him, but his refusal probably means that he thought he was wrong in the first instance in usurping the governor's powers. What a lucky thing it is for us all that the people's rights have such resolute defenders as Kenney and Henri Jemini Haskell! The bold, bad Warhorse never encountered such a pair before and is sure to predict that he will go down before their laurels.

DENVER has begun an early and timely agitation of the smoke nuisance question. The Republican says that "every chimney that belches forth smoke into the air poisons the atmosphere and interferes with the restoration to health of persons who have come to this city in the hope of regaining lost strength. For this reason the city authorities ought to take steps to compel the Denver Cable company and other concerns that burn a great deal of coal to use smoke consumers."

Let's see; isn't there a chimney or two of this sort in Helena?

The United States senators have had their Christmas pence of mind all torn up by the discovery a few days before adjournment the other day that a man in the gallery had been locked in and was listening to the proceedings of a secret session. It seems never to have occurred to them that the poor fellow got the worst of it. The secret session ought to go.

They are having a lively agitation of the water question in Philadelphia and evidently the situation is akin to that in Helena. The Record heads an article on the subject in this way: "A Big Water Snake It Is Squirming Into The City Council Chamber—Unless It Is Scratched It Will Conquer One Of The Members."

The Journal also falls into line for Sanders for an oleomargarine senator, but as to Lee Mantle it is profoundly silent.

For oleomargarine senator from the west side, William M. Jack. To the eliminators belong the spoils.

## CROSS-CUTS.

Lots' wife was turned into a pillar of salt because she was lots too fresh.—Somerville Journal.

"Did you take Miss Phair under the mistletoe last night?"

"Yes, and then went out under her father's mistletoe,"—Munsey's Weekly.

The play was bad, the players worse.

And tired of the blues and jeans.

The knees-on-hams and the legs went out.

And the seats rows up in tiers.

Cleveland Town Topics.

One captivating beauty of the English language to a foreigner is illustrated by the statement in yesterday's stock market report that "the remainder of the list was listless."—Telegraph Herald.

She—I don't see why you did not build a bigger coal bin. He—Why, we can never get more than a ton at a time. She—I know; but it would look as if we could get more—to the neighbors.—Once a Week.

And when I die place 'em over me.

Shaped like a cigarette.

A tombstone white, and on it write,

"We think he's smoking yet."

—Keeney Enterprise.

Destitut—Do you want to take laughing gas?

Visitor—Not till after de toff is out, boss—reckon I'll feel not like laughin' den!

Puck.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus, wrestling with a watermelon)—Aren't you afraid of cramps, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus (contemptuously)—Wot does yo' spose I done eat's to'er few cramps?—Epoch.

A bankrupt bank has just made out his schedule of assets.

What will you say when you meet your creditors?" asked a friend,

"O, I shan't meet them; they travel on foot, while I always take a cab."

Yesterday a reporter noticed a pair of new shoes about eighteen inches in length in the show window of Cantrell & Bro. On inquiring it was learned that these shoes had been made for Steve Stovall, a negro, who will be wedded at Christmas.—Rome (Ga.) Tribune.

Old Gentleman (to little girl on the horse car)—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—Are you the conductor?

Old Gentleman—Why, no; I have nothing to do with the railroad.

"Then I'm seven years old,"—Buffalo Courier.

"How about the hip pocket?" inquired the tailor.

"I want it large enough for a pocket pistol," said the customer.

"Yes, sir; Kentucky, sir, or Maine?"—Chicago Tribune.

Customer (in drug store)—Give me about ten grains of quinine in four ounces of whiskey. My physician says I don't take plenty of quinine I'm a dead man.

Clerk—Sorry, sir, but we're all out of quinine.

Customer—I spose there is, but it doesn't do me any good. Well, give me eight ounces of whiskey, then I've got to do something for this terrible malaria.—Epoch.

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"Who won, Mister?"

A good story is told of George Covington, one of the most popular jockeys with the Chicago public, says Saunterer, in Chicago Herald: He had a bad fall during a race at Guttenberg recently. "Who won, mister?" the boy asked after he had recovered consciousness. It was in the race for the Santa Claus handicap, and Lavina, Belle, with Covington up, was a strong favorite. She was backed almost to a standstill in the city pool rooms, and the talent had seemed d over each other in the wild attempt to place their money on her at the track, but before two hundred and fifty yards had been run the mare ran on to the platform and stood perfectly upright, upsetting over, crushing Covington terribly. The injured jockey was picked up unconscious and carried into the club house, where restorative were applied, and it was some time before he came to, but the moment he did the first thing he was to do was to tell who had won the race. "I fell his limits to assure himself that no bones were broken, and nonchalantly announcing, 'Guess I'm all right this time,' he walked out.

"Do you know how the custom of wearing the mustache without other beard originated?"

## GREAT HEADS.

It was a jovial banquet board, Great grooms were feasted free, Great generals, great senators, Great counsellors-of-state, A king, a queen, a great host, To see the great wedding feast. There sat a great—what shall I call it? That's it—great head—great head.

Great toasts were drunk, great mots were turned, And so were viands rare, Great talk of Cham—let that pass; And when a great one spouted some And sat him down flushed red, The savants clapped him great applause, And cried, "Great head! Great head!"

—Samuel C. Appleby, in Lippincott's Magazine for January.

A Pig's Achievement.

The complications in Montana, due to the result in one small precinct, prompts the Indianapolis Sentinel to tell the following story to illustrate what one vote may do:

Four years ago Colonel Seaton, then mayor of the city of Washington, as was his custom, gave a large dinner party, at which I was present. In the course of the entertainment the importance of one vote and its consequences and good results was, among other things, the subject of conversation, and Governor Corwin, then United States senator, narrated in his inimitable manner the following, to show, as he said, the bad results as well as the importance of one vote, and how a pig from whom the devil had not been cast out, nearly (in his estimation) ruined the country, to wit: "In the spring of 1811, at the annual election in Rhode Island, in one of the towns or precincts, the voting between the federal and republican (or democratic, peace or war) parties had been for years very close, not more than a majority of one or two votes. The polls closed at 6 o'clock, and a federal farmer living a mile or so distant from the voting place, having been busy all day, allowed himself just barely time to reach the polls in the evening. He hurriedly crossed his fields on foot, and, reaching his last or division fence, found one of his valuable pigs fast between the planks and stopped to get it out, which he found more difficult than he expected, but he worked with all his strength to pull the pig out, and, failing in that, tried to pry a plank from the fence, which, after some time, he succeeded in doing, and then started on a run for the voting place. Just as he got within 100 feet of it the town clock struck 6 and the polls closed without his vote. The result was that a democrat, or war representative, from that town was elected by one vote. When the general assembly met a few weeks afterwards a democrat, or war United States senator, was chosen on joint ballot by one majority. In 1812 the election of war with England was carried in the United States senate by one majority. General Jackson was nominated as a major-general and confirmed by one vote Jan. 8, 1815. He commanded the army at the battle of New Orleans, gained a victory, became a popular military hero and as his reward was elected and re-elected president of the United States, turned all the whigs out of office. President Jackson, the democrat, vetoed the national bank bill and played the devil with it, and all because that pig lay up in Rhode Island got fast in a plank fence.

From the Psalms of Saint Matthew.

(Appointed to be read in a 3d tone of voice in the choir in the choir gallery the first Sunday in the month of Saint Philip and the fifty-one Sundays after that, three times a day, before, after and during service, and at other times when convenient and there is a big crowd present. To be read in all the churches that expect or hope to collar the shekels of the ungodly in the seeds of the good in the year of grace 1889.)

Now, there was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

Blessed forever be his memory, for he hath this day given \$85,000 to the church societies, and hath \$1,000,000 left for himself.

Against his name mighty, and let it appear in four-line paces at the head of the column.

Blessed is the man who can give his check for three figures; his seed shall be mighty upon the earth.

But more blessed is he who can make it four; his name shall be written in the records of the church, and he shall be remembered and graven with the pen of an etching scribe upon the chronicles of the conference. Yes, shall he call him minister in the synod and doctor him in the convention?

But thrice blessed is he who can make it a 10 and five months; his horn shall be exalted with honor; he shall be known in the land among the elders of the land. Yes, when he goeth forth, a horn shall be blown before him, and when he giveth a dollar a horn shall be beaten in the sanctuary.

Lazarus shall behold him afar off and make ready to vacate the premises in alarm.

Abraham shall hear of it and greatly enlarge his bosom and have it enlarged and remade throughout.

The praise of your lips shall set him on high; if he be so that he cannot read, then will we call our colleagues after him; if he is not, let us sign his name with a "ho," ho, then shall we allow Chairs of Ecstasy and Sanscrit literature in his name.

As for the man who is only a scholar, what have colleges to do with him?

Great and greatly to be praised is the man who gives much to the poor, the widow of the church and the pillar of Zion. Make a loud noise over his gift; put it in the annual report and see that it gets around. Hoopla!

Talk much about it in the solemn assemblies; keep it before the people and give him a tablet over the pulpit before he dies.

Say among the heathen, "The Church is all right so long as it men who can give \$80,000 and not fit it."—Burlette.

E. W. CRAVEN, W. M. H. GUTHRIE, Secretary.

A Novel Fair.

Speaking of fairs, a very novel one is being held in New York that might suggest some new ideas to those kind persons who are trying to make the Christmas bells chime more merrily in the homes for old women, for the friendless, the orphan asylums and other charitable institutions that stand as our noblest monuments in the monumental city. The hall in which this Christmas sale was held was arranged to represent a street in Bagdad, with booths on either side, like little islands of the Orient, and wanted to be the great bazaar of the world.

There were lanterns from which streamed a soft dreamy light, and delicious perfumes floated through the air, while from the distance came the sound of gently falling water, and one could not but fancy they were nearing some